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The Gift of

JOHN FARQUHAR FULTON

RETALIATION ;
OR,
HINTS,
TO
SOME OF THE GOVERNORS
OF THE
York Lunatic Asylum.

BY CHARLES ATKINSON.

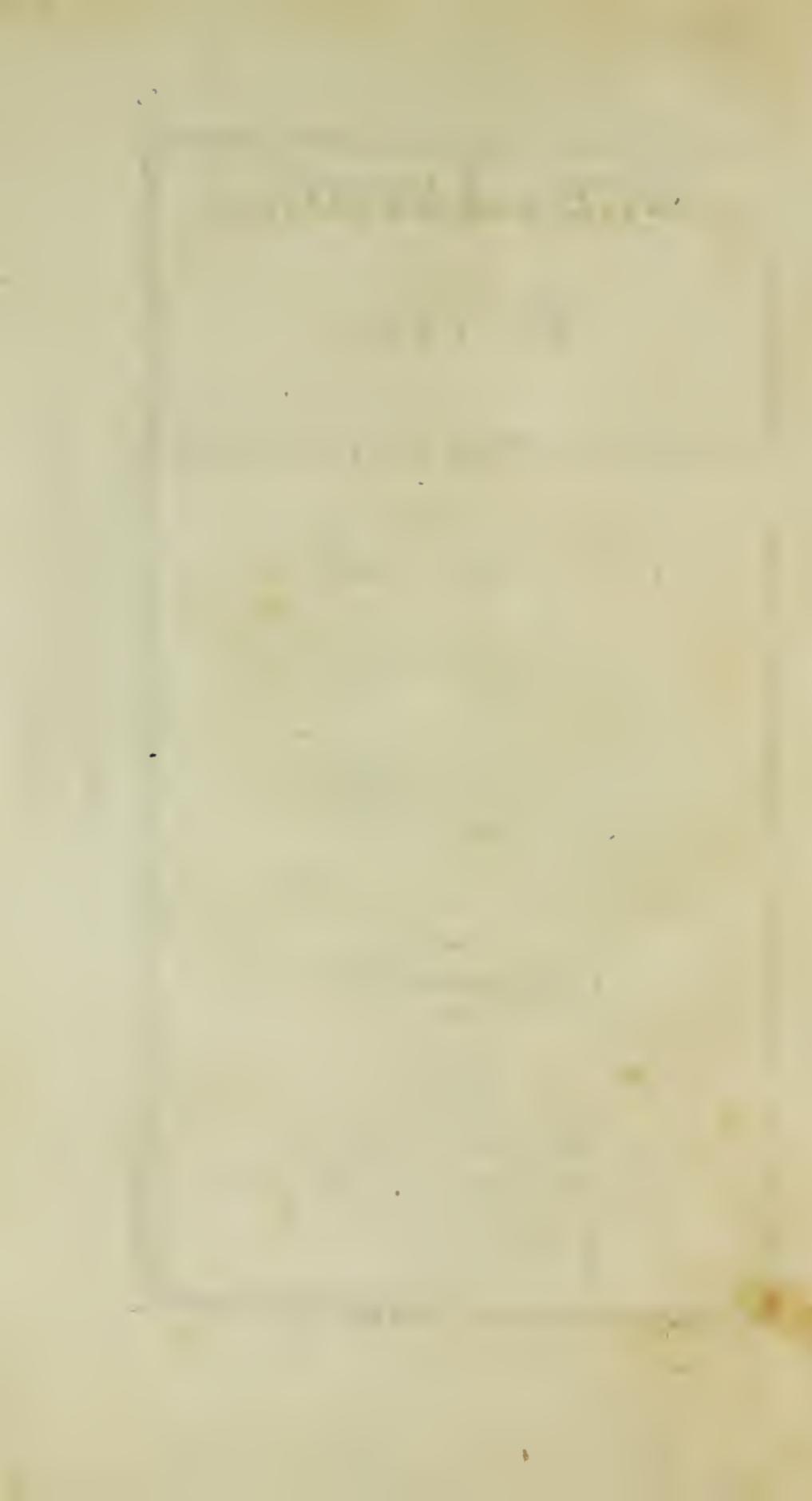
“ The Dog-star rages!” nay, ‘tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam’s Resolutions are broke out,
Fire in each Eye, and Papers in each Hand,
They Rave, Recite, and madden through the Land ;
From Shadows, will the Government defend,
And more abusive, call themselves its Friend ;
This prints his Name, and That expects a Bribe,
And all roar out, SUBSCRIBE ! SUBSCRIBE !

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CITY, AND COUNTY.

1814.



RETALIATION, &c.

“ MALIM VIDERI NIMIS TIMIDUS, QUAM PARUM
PRUDENS.”

Cic.

THE clock has struck twelve, and it is now past seventeen years, since I knew what it was to enjoy a state of Freedom. But being independent at present, (perhaps for a very short reign) I do feel inspired with the breath of Liberty, and being free, I will address free, and for once in my life, shall stand upon my own limbs, will advocate my own cause, and present myself to this little World of Lunacy, as a free agent.

The events of the Asylum are over with me. I have been cast down, and calumniated. I have experienced the Oppressor's



Wrongs, and the Great Man's Contumely.
What *Better*, can I have to hope or pray,
What *Worse* to fear from them ?

I shall not undertake to criticise the Acts at the Asylum. I have nothing to apply to the broad Principle of Reformation, there, had it been effected, by Honourable and Impartial Men. I have to complain of injustices to my particular situation. To the want of due attention to the Inefficiency of my powers. To a total disregard of the state of Vassilage, in which I endured a twelve-year's (subterraneous) vindictive persecution from the late Physician. I complain of present Party-spirit, and of the application of Crimes to me, in which I had no participation.

I admit that many of the Governors are thorough Gentlemen.—But I have been treated by a few of them, with many personal insults,—insults inflicted upon a man, whose family, and confined circumstances prevented in him, the hope, and frustrated

the power of self-defence. Insults, the spring of vulgar minds, and of dastardly conduct. When I was chosen into the office of APOTHECARY to the Asylum, it was in despight of all the energies of Doctor HUNTER; and from the moment I entered the House, (where he wished a person of his to be placed) as an officer, every emolument enjoyed by my Predecessor, every consideration and comfort was taken from me.

The subsequent Election of my Wife, against the same influence, did not at all serve to appease wrath, or in the least to conduce to the alleviation of my indurance. My circumstances however, were ill adapted to contend with so powerful a competitor, and what spirit prompted in me, policy kept down, so that I suffered with patience, for the sake of my family.

The whole of the Servants, over whom I ought to have presided, were, if not *overtly*, yet *tacitly* encouraged to thwart me, and every springe was set in every snipe to en-

trap the Woodcock. Has it not been proved, that the very powers with which the Court supposed me to be invested, were privately withdrawn, nay absolutely wilfully and improperly withheld from me? So that with every appearance of being equipped *Cap-a-Piè* for power, I was exhibited with all the Insignia of Office, with every Emblem of War, whilst my hands were so begirt with the Trappings, as to render me incapable of the use of them. So much for the secret History of my Circumstances. Of late, every insinuation which the mal-influence of an Election could produce in common minds (independent of the curse superadded of Fanaticism) had been industriously applied to me. One Person charged me with This Failing, and another with That, as best suited their interested purposes; and not content with the accomplishment of these purposes, when their machinations had answered, they then united Insult to Oppression, and some of the Governors in the most brutal and unfeeling manner, retorted to my wife, and upon myself, the most contemptuous Insinuations.



Mr. HIGGINS, the *Grand Lunatic Reformer* in this business, (convulsed with mania*) conceived himself at liberty to traduce me, in the most blackguard language; he grossly attached a LIE to me, with as much apparent indifference, as if he had positive proof on his side, or my Character were of no avail to me. This he has done in Print, and *Litera scripta manet*.

Now, as he has himself, this Odium attached to him also in Print, he should have judged by the misery and cowerdice of his own feelings, how cruel it were to inflict it upon another.† However, I now stand independent of *Him*, and I tell him, that what he asserted was not the TRUTH.—It was wrested to his own purpose, and was one of

* And seventeen years close attention to Lunatics, should make me no bad judge of this.

† O Tite! si quid ego adjuro, curamve levasso,
quæ nunc te coquit et versat sub pectore fixa, ecquid
erit pretii. Cic.

HIGGINS's LIES ;*—But it is not all the dirty Slander of his Tongue, nor the fulsome Adulation to the Lord's (whom like the *Boa Constrictor*, he first slobbers over with his lubricating lips, and then gorges) that shall restrain me from vindicating my Character, which, humble as I am, I can and will defend, though this *Goliath of Reformation* stand in the Portico !

Mr. HIGGINS saw that Nature had not been very flattering to me, in the size of my person, nor very lavish of her favors to me. I am not exactly the man, whom this nature has authorised to strike Terror into an Enemy, for I am low in stature, and not very formidable in the display of physical powers ; but yet I have that within me, I hope, which holds a Sycophant at arm's

* The *Jeu d'Esprit* of Mr. HIGGINS and myself, respecting the LIE, might make a pretty subject for a Catch Club.—viz.

Says HIG. to AT. " You tell a LIE !"

Says AT. to HIG. " Oh no not I."

" Perhaps" says HIG. " you'll say its me." —

" Oh yes, Oh yes,—so let it be !"



length, and keeps at a distance the Coward who attacks the Unprotected.

May words express the quantum merit of some of the Governors, who were kind enough to throw a sable condolance over my afflictions ; and to cover them with an opiate garment. How much they considered me as the good tempered, somewhat negligent, though persecuted man—who heard, or who but myself, can tell ? With one hand they forced me rudely into the hearse, with the other they sprinkled Hysop, and poured their Lachrymatories over my corpse. They tickled my vanity with a black feather, and perfected the solemnity of the ceremony, by the mournful accordance of the lamenting plumes. They chided loudly the driver for his haste, while they were goading the horses to speed. They brought me up to judgment with a restless impatience ; though trembly alive to sensations, I was again almost dead with fear. They patted me on the cheek, called out for trial ; they—(but stay)—*Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei.*—They—turned king's evidence, and voted against me.

To one Holy Divine, I am more than ordinarily obliged, for a more than ordinary display of personal brutality. Can I forget the question he put to me on entering my apartment. “*Pray, Sir, what has become of the Patient who has been killed?*” I must own I did not expect such a burst of apparent *orthodox* feeling, from such an hypocrite.

Not less insolent was the triumphant entry of the satin coated Mould Warp, who, when he had got possession of the interior of the Asylum, and mounted upon the stair-case, elate with *victory*, could so far degrade himself, as to exclaim that they had ousted the Enemy, and got possession of the Intrenchments ! How delightful to see this self approving Governor,* clap-

* This gentleman having publicly signed his name to an assertion, that it would be no objection to the Apothecary, being a married man, proposed in the court afterwards, as an article of exemption to me, that a married man should NOT be eligible to the office. Pray Mr. Reader, let me ask you a moral question; Is not that man capitally accoutred for this world, who upon the root of a bad heart, has been enabled to ingraft the Tricks of an Attorney ?



ing his wings like a bird, and singing out
“ Well done Jonathan ! Well done Grey
Cock ! Pretty Cockatoo ! Pretty Cockatoo !

Shall I also forget the indignant gait, with which Mr. HIGGINS, after the Election, approached me in the Guild-Hall, when (unless I mistook a natural distortion for a cast of Contempt) he actually made a face at me : My God ! how must I despise that mind, and that man, who can trample on the Enemy he has just cut down. But he has done his worst at me, and now I neither stand in awe of his person or his power. Thank Nature, it is not *Goliath* that shall prevent little David from expressing his utter detestation of him, and of his proceedings.

The conduct of some others (observe I only assert some) of the Governors to my wife and to myself, by insolent and contumelious looks, was to me, passing all human endurance. I consider these epithets, as the spurning of low-bred, foul, and vul-

gar carcasses, when the men were dead to feeling, and all mercy was lost and extinct in them,—I repel! and despise them. Here was the Oppressor's wrong—and the Insolence of Higgins was, the Great Man's contumely. But, mark me! when I say the *Great Man*, (let it be printed in *mean Italics!*) It is an old saying, when you have money, you may have many friends, —But

Amissis Opibus—How d'ye Mr. Higgins?

I have no thanks to return, for any consideration, from these persons in my behalf. Be my faults what they might, it is not the usage of this country, to carry a man, *a la lanterne*, without an impartial trial upon evidence. I have paid the forfeit of the neglect of Governors, and of party malice. I am a Roman Catholic, and they should have treated me as such. I have not been taught to trust to so delicate, and awful a line of Salvation, as only to two extremes, to two alternatives; I have been flattered with an intermediate hope, with a state of



Purgatory. Had they committed me to this Purgatory, for my venial transgressions, I might have remained there, to sob, and purge away these crimes done in the days of my nature. But, NO! they have actually deprived me, and my wife, and my children of bread. They have branded my name with an indelible mark! They have chastised my finite frailties, with an infinity of punishment. And I make no doubt, they will continue (in as much as they are able) to perpetuate the remembrance of my sins, and to execute the bitterness of their vengeance, so long as unjust minds can perpetuate any thing.

Not to advert to others, let one instance suffice; let common sense, and the common ears of the public, attend to the significance and din of a common dirge, so often repeated to them. It is the Key-note and crack sound from which the Governors have tuned and rung the numerous variations of the mellow and heart-stirring Harps of Commiseration. The history runs thus:

An amiable Clergyman is brought into the Asylum, by a feeling and lamenting wife; he stays there in the first instance, until he is sufficiently restored to be returned to the joys of his family: he however complains of his treatment, and requests to be taken there no more. He relapses, and yet his wife returns, and does take him there! there, where he is again not only subject to such treatment, but to worse. She complains terribly of this usage; but they defy and abuse her, nay, before her face they kick him down stairs, and the keepers declare that they value him no more than a dog; and yet he again recovers, and is again returned to his welcome home; and happy were she! and happy were he, and happy were they all for the happy rescue. But, cry mercy Lord! he again falls ill,—and shall I relate—this feeling wife, these complaining relations, this supplicating gentleman, in spite of all his entreaties, of all his mis-usage, of all his ample means, (which might have removed him anywhere), is once again, (can you believe it?)



is once again, (shall I repeat it?) dragged to this very house, to that very spot, to this *sad* Apothecary, to these very keepers, where all these cruelties were exercised, these miseries were inflicted. Is not this their own tale? Has not this tocsin been sounded through every town, in every village? And then let me ask you, in the name of common sense, after this worthy man, (for most worthy was he,) had been sent to this accursed place, and three times returned to these terrible gallies, *by the relations, and this amiable wife*, let me ask you in God's name, where lies the blame, or with whom the cruelty? And who can now believe one word of the complainants, or does one word of this morbid history, though inverted, converted, or perverted, hang strictly or closely together? The story thus delineated to the public is affecting. It hath pathos and semblance of truth in all its attitudes. But when interpolated as above, and analyzed, it sinks into Bathos. In fact, it looks like a great piece of—**LIE**—**N**—(ota bene,) **LIEN**, in Latin, (which the

Romans spoke who lived in Rome,) signifies *spleen*. But now to my page for cætera desunt.

After my wife and myself had been dismissed, I requested that she would immediately remove our private property. It was rather late before our sentence was awarded us; and of course, before a cart, and means, could be found for so doing, the night was on. This became cause sufficient for suspecting, and hinting, that the darkness of this night served the purpose of plunder.* In consequence she insisted upon two, or more, of these Governors examining her boxes, as is usually done to

* Pray what species of unlawfulness, or plunder, may that be, which induced some of the Governors, to swindle away the house-keeper, from the County Hospital; was not the lady when chosen there, deemed a most indispensable person to that charity? Then why take her away clandestinely? Why rob Peter to serve Paul?—I ask for information, Was not this something like a burglary?—a much worse burglary, than any thing they had to fear, from my wife, I can assure them.



vagabond servants, before they quit their situations. After these Governors had attached imbecility, or what was tantamount, the weakness of goodnature to me.* After an impudent reformer had called me **PLIER!** and some others had vociferated, that I should never be permitted in future to come near the house again; these **Just Judges!** actually submitted to request the favour of this very *improper man*, to see the patients put to bed, and to officiate at the house, for their proper convenience, until it suited them a second time, to discard him.† Nay they were actually obliged to his wife for continuing a short time to carry on the management of her former department. Here

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* *Omnia mea mecum porto.*

† Amongst other traits of delicacy, and feeling towards me, that which induced some of the Governors, after, I believe, they had actually chosen a Matron, to ask me if I would accept the situation of Apothecary, if my wife were not chosen, was not one of the least, or of the worst expedients, amongst others, for my expulsion. This was casting cruelty into the crucible to calcine it,—for “an oyster may be crossed in love.”

is a lamentable dilemma for the Magi, the Sagi, the Elect, for the best specimens of the HIGGIN's School. Now as the more scrupulous *part* of Governors have chosen to scrutinize my poor administration, so severely, may I be permitted to cast an eye over the canvas of theirs. I will take the first day's duty, in which it may be supposed, that they would be uncommonly correct, and well appointed. I apprehend, however, it may be brought to easy evidence, that so far from having every thing properly ordered, in regard to Keepers, Apothecary, Matron, and Female Servants, that the house was one scene of uninterrupted Confusion ; for having cleansed the Augean Stable, and *we* hurried out, it was then to be Fair-Day, to be Liberty Hall at the Asylum. *Post Nubila Phæbus.*— Men and women were seen walking and talking, (and children piddling and puking) about the house, to grace the triumph, aye, with more freedom, than had ever fallen to my lot, in the best days of my residence.



The first acts of the mild, the wise, the new, and benignant Reign of the Governors, ran woefully wide of their projected mark. Did not one man soon after, foil both the strength and sagacity, of some of these Governors, and of all the keepers, when they endeavoured to put him on the strait waistcoat ? I know this poor man, and diminutive as I am, (a mere Physical Atom in miniature,) I have done the job to him, single handed, with less force, and more mercy, in three minutes. In the second instance, did not a patient whom they met, truant out of doors, manage to escape them, first by outwitting and then by outrunning them ? Let me repeat the question, did he not do it in a masterly way ? The description of this, however, would better suit my poetry than my prosing, and who knows but that at some time, or other, I may court my favourite muse, to record and display the Benefit and Advantage of Wise Governors, and Mild Treatment, experienced from careful and judicious Reformers.

I have before remarked, that I had been above seventeen years an officer in the Asylum, and though represented, as very deficient in energy, and capacity, (which possibly betrayed me into some omissions,) yet there was a day,—a day, within the precincts of that space of time, in which (Papist-like) I confess, I did neglect my duty. It was a day on which I witnessed more fury and madness to be displayed, than in any other instance, whilst I held the situation. It was at a meeting of the Governors, when such a scene of personality and madness, was exhibited by some of the vulgar tribe, as ought to have induced me, in duty, to have called in the keepers, and to have jacketed straight, one half of them.

But I must now draw towards a conclusion.—After having written labels for the poor patients, I am now reduced by the *Sud Sponté* of nature to write labels for the Governors. How they may resent it, I care not. I have been a child of adversity, and there are few conditions of life,

and its miseries, which I have not borne, and can yet bear in a good cause.

I promised to write free! and free I have written. I must and do commit myself to the retort of those, I may have offended—I seek no reconciliation! *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* From these, I expect no more mercy out of an Asylum, than I met within it. And though they vauntingly boast (of no self-interested motives,) set those men, who are now deprived of their former employment and suffer from their party prejudice, answer this question.

My Cottage is an Asylum of Contentment! and I will in spite of all their measures, or motives, endeavour to make it, if not abundant in riches, at least it shall excel in comfort, and retirement.

If any incident here expressed, sits heavy upon the minds of those whom I call my Oppressors; if the compunctions visitations of their sober senses, incline them to ask of me, more means and motives for com-



plaint, although stigmatized, in part as a *murderer*, and disgraced in epithet as a *liar*, I have not run to the church as to a *sanctuary*; but I shall be easy to be found in an humble dwelling, by any man, and I hope, ready to answer, becomingly, any interrogatory.

And now let me address myself to those few, who had courage to vindicate a falling man, or who were pleased to consider him as an injured one.

To them, I am most humbly, most sacredly, most devoutly obliged. My early life was schooled with gentlemen! I am the son of a gentleman! my education was that of a gentleman! and my profession is so. And allow me to add, I have not been convicted by the **Governors**, of any conduct unbecoming a gentleman.* And though well sodden and saturated in adversity, yet

* An error in the entry of patients, (which however has not been imputed to me as a wilful one) might happen to any man, more versed in the department of bookkeeping than myself.

I am not bereft of that fairest of all human enjoyments, a GRATEFUL HEART, to those who have served me.

I THANK YE GENTLEMEN !

May I, lastly, be permitted to hope, that the Reformation which has been begun, by I know not what motives, may in future be narrowly watched, by the independent and uninterested Governors ; that no old tradesman, may be improperly supplanted ; nor a total dereliction of all principles in this regard, be suffered to obtain. And that the Tide of Monopoly, (the trade winds) may not be allowed to set in, but be stemmed, in the first instance ; that Justice, that very plausible looking maiden, in the late discussions, may not, like myself, be thrust out of doors, by a deeper and more selfish Character. “ *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos, populare penates venimus aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas.* ”—VIRG. ÆNID.*

* I hope the young man who has got my situation, will desire Mr. T—I to be very grateful to Dr. S—n, and to use his best endeavours in return, to have him appointed as the Physician to the Asylum.

A LIGHT READING.

HAVING now, upon the fairest principles brought the whole nest of Hornets, my enemies, about me, some atonement may be expected from me, for having thus freely expressed my resentment. Believe me, it has been my only comfort. If the offended parties attack my purse they shall have it, it is as light as air, and will fly like a feather to them ; it is essence, it is soul, it is spirit ; yet is not capable, like the opulent Reformers, of doing mischief ; it is every thing but what it should be—substance ; for it is neither malleable, embodied, or tangible, but mocketh art.

If they attack my person—what means it ? I am *un petit bon homme* ! I am



Molto Piccolo. I am next to an Non-entity, in matter and shape ! and having nothing left to enjoy, my life can be of little avail to me. I am a worm ; but the worm that turneth ! Will they imprison me ? **N' importe** ; two year's experience as a martyr, for a friend, has already taught me that lesson : but I shall be content, for I have told my tale.

Will they have a Champion, and who shall it be ? Is it the Lawyer ? I hope not, there is no contending against Old Nick. Shall it be Daniel ? NO, I have not much stomach for Daniel ; it must be bad flesh which Lions wo'nt devour, and Daniel was safe in the lions' den. Shall it be martial Jonathan ? pshaw ! I have no chance against him, a Cadaveris Crates, and I should be afraid that the Marshal would **PHANTASMAGORIA**, and **SHRINK** into **NOTHING**. Then shall I be hurried out by little David ? where the **BLOOD** of all the **RUSSELL'S** might over power me ; NO, don't take Friend David and



Me for Cannibals, we must not EAT each other.

However, since I must be OUSTED, I will go peacefully, if they will let me, and convince them truly,

(Quæ virtus, et quanta bonis sit vivere parvo.)
first however, taking my leave, and leave to add a slight Signature,

Charles Atkinson

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